THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 16, 1807.

Translation of a Letter from Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh, now Queen of England, to the King of Prussia.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

I Am at a loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late victory; since the same success which has covered you with laurels, has overspread the country of Mecklenburgh with desolation. I know, Sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the horrors of war, or wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the arts of pleasing, or to inspect subjects of a more domestic nature. But, however unbecoming it may be in me, I cannot resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

It was but a very few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing appearance. The country was cultivated; the peasant looked cheerful; and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but sure even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospects now before me. The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity, and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued; the husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves, and help to ravage the soil they formerly cultivated. The towns are inhabited only by old men, women, and children; perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his

door; his little children hang round him, ask him an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army, as it happens to advance or retreat, in pursuing the operations of the campaign: it is impossible to express the confusion which even those who call themselves our friends create. Even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress us with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is that we hope relief; to you even children and women may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition, and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.

I am, Sire, &c.

THE IMPIOUS WISH.

A Sentimental Incident.

"I Wish to God the war may continue," exclaimed somebody behind me. I started suddenly round, to take a view of a person, whom any earthly motives could induce to feel or utter so diabolical a wish. 'Twas a shabby looking fellow, apparently a mechanic, talking to another man, as mean in dress as himself.

Humanity and curiosity for once made me an eves-dropper, and I attentively listened, whilst the speaker made it evident "that by the continuation of the war, he should be enabled to drink an additional pint of porter daily." "Just Heaven!" I thought, "is it possible a being can exist, who for so trifling a gratification can offer a wish to thee, for a prolongation of misery, bloodshed, toil, and every kind of wretchedness, to tens of thousands of his fellow-creatures?"

I went on, balancing in my mind his account of the daily pint of porter, with that of the drops of blood and tears of anguish which flow from the heart of the demon war; when my ruminations were interrupted by a grave-like voice, which pronounced, "Oh! Sir, in the name of Heaven! in the name of charity! relieve the distresses of one who has fought his country's battles—who has bled in her cause—but who is now forced to the humiliating condition of begging assistance of her more wealthy sons." Had poetry, painting, and eloquence united, to strengthen my detestation of war, they would not have succeeded half so well as the pitiable sight I beheld, on turning towards the spot whence the request proceeded. Deprived of both the limbs which Heaven has given for the defence and ornament of man; with a face overspread by the pallid hue of want and sickness—dressed in a jacket which had once been military

military—lay extended the petitioner, on the cold pavement. A woman, as miserable an object, with an helpless babe hanging at each breast, sat beside him. I stopped—I gazed on the group with horror—the soft genius of pity shot through my heart with gentle flowing warmth, and in the accents of kindness I enquired the causes of this appearance of woe. His tale was short, for he yet was young—but however small had been his draught from the cup of life, alas! alas! that draught had been sadly embittered by the soul-sickening poison of misery.

His parents, overwhelmed with misfortunes, sank to eternal rest soon after he had wedded the wife of his love; a poor, but deserving maid. His father, before he was "brushed by the hand of rough mischance," had been a wealthy farmer, and had given his son a tolerable education. He, however, at his parent's death, found himself in a very sad state—his farm was small—war came with iron hand—heavy taxes ensued—his lease expired—luxury had raised her throne in the heart of his landlord, and demanding means wherewith to be supported in her seat, he insisted on raising his rent. The poor fellow knew the farm could not pay great rent and heavy taxes, and he left it. A species of pride, arising from his education and former situation, forbade him to descend to a menial employment, and conceiving the military a mode of life in which he might gain promotion and honour, he enlisted: his regiment was shortly afterwards ordered abroad, and in his first campaign he lost both his arms. The rest of his woe-filled story I could guess. I could hear no more, but with a tearful eye made a small offering at the altar of charity. Good Heaven! at the moment when the kindly drop of pity stood trembling in my eyes, at beholding a fellow-creature destitute of those limbs which might have procured him an honest living—and when my mite was in my outstretched hand, the man passed whom I had heard "wish to God that the war might continue!"—Reader, did I then second that wish, or did I put up a prayer, that the angel of mercy might interpose his wing between it and Heaven, and waft it back again to his own unfeeling heart?

LA FLEUR.

ANECDOTE *of* SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

THE statesman, the warrior, and the poet, are conducted by fame to her glorious temple—they are placed on the proud pedestal of immortality, and admiring nations contemplate them with delight—but in contemplating the hero we forget the man.

Glory gives the laurel, but virtue the palm—the one blooms on earth, whilst the other is consecrated in Heaven.

Amidst the train of luminaries that have thrown such radiance over the present reign, none has shone with brighter lustre than Sir Sidney Smith, whose laurels have borne their rich blossoms in every climate whither glory has conducted his footsteps—in the cold regions of the north, beneath the bright influence of Sicilian suns, as well as on that holier ground where English valour for so many ages unfurled the sacred banner, and fought with kindred zeal in the same cause. But it was during Sir Sidney's imprisonment in the Temple, under the insults of a tyrant and an usurper—in sickness, in suffering, and in solitude, that he learnt the prouder conquest of himself, and gained a brighter wreath than even glory could bestow. During that period, forbidden all intercourse with society, subject to every deprivation, left to languish under the influence of a burning fever without even a drop of water to allay his sufferings, enduring alike threats and insults; his solitary hours were, however, sometimes beguiled by the visits of a child about four years old, the son of the under gaoler (who was afterwards accused of having assisted Sir Sidney in his escape). Seated on his knee, or playing by his side, he often by his innocent endearments made our hero forget his cares; whilst the child's attachment to him was strong beyond his years, and inspired the prisoner with an equal affection for his young companion. Sir Sidney happily escaped the fate that was too probably prepared for him, by one who has equally violated the rights of war, of nations, and of humanity. He escaped to England to reap new laurels for his country. During his last cruize off Boulogne, his crew were surprised one stormy evening by the appearance of a small crazy boat, which after combating for some time the fury of the elements, came at length alongside the ship.

To their surprise they saw it contained but one person, a half-clothed tattered French boy, who earnestly demanded to see Sir Sidney Smith. After some hesitation they consented to inform their captain what a singular visitor requested admission to him. Sir Sidney, at that moment in his cabin, and surrounded by his officers, desired that the boy might be conducted to him. He entered, and our hero observing his tattered habiliments, and his wretched appearance altogether, exclaimed with surprise, "What is your business with me, my lad?" "Do you remember, Sir," said the boy, "when you were a prisoner in the Temple, that the under gaoler, who was killed by hard usage, (in consequence of being suspected of assisting in your escape) had a son who used to play with you, to sit on your knee, and bring messages to you?" "I remember them both

both perfectly," replied Sir Sidney. "Well, Sir," continued the boy, "he left behind him four children. I am one of them—I am that boy who used thus to visit you, and who never from that moment forgot his attachment to you. As soon as I was old enough to be sensible of my loss, and to reflect, I determined to follow your fate and fortunes over the world, and to seek you in whatever climate you were to be found. Having heard you were cruizing off our coast, I determined to make my escape, and to try to gain this ship, which I had understood was your's." Sir Sidney's countenance, during this recital, betrayed all the strong emotions of gratitude, generosity, and tenderness. "Come to my arms, my brave boy," he exclaimed, "and be from this moment my son—the sharer equally of my cabin, my fate, and my fortunes. I will henceforth try to supply to you the father you have lost," he cried, pressing him to his bosom, in his rude and ragged dress; whilst the surrounding officers contemplated the scene with delight, admiration, and astonishment; and from that moment to the present the grateful boy has shared equally his cabin and his fortunes.

This is not fancy's picture, nor could she indeed heighten the colouring. Glory might have presented to her pencil a prouder one, but the softer virtues in their selection could not have chosen a brighter than that which truth now offers.

British bosoms will learn to appreciate its beauties, whilst pointing it out to posterity as a companion to the more dazzling ones which fame has already displayed around her "hero of Acre;" and whilst his country twines round it the laurel he has so gloriously won, humanity blending her fair blossoms in the wreath, shall give it the rich fragrance that ascends to Heaven.

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

By the Authoress of the Occasional Essays.

(Continued from Page 184.)

THREE weeks had now elapsed, the whole of which had passed in a delirium of joy; when the bosom of Maria was destined to receive a severe pang, and indeed the merchant himself was not a little troubled. This was no other than the countess announcing her intention to leave Brighton, and two days after to give a route of farewell; and cards of invitation were formally dispatched to Mr. and Miss Truman. The next morning

morning at breakfast, Maria appeared very low and dejected; her father, alarmed, fearing she was ill, and enquired tenderly anxious concerning her health, but received only fast-falling tears in reply.

"Is it possible, my dear Maria, that this dejection, for I never saw you so much distressed before, can proceed solely from the loss of your kind protectress? If so, those tears are not reproachable; for they are the overflowings of a grateful heart. I acknowledge she is an amiable woman, and we are both obliged to her condescension and goodness of heart. But my dear girl ought to reflect, that she has a father that adores her; that in her happiness his every joy is concentred; that swore on her infant lips, never to marry for her sake, nor ever to desert her. On whose bosom then ought my sweet Maria to repose her griefs but on the bosom of her father? Speak my child, and whatever may be the cause that produces this unusual, and, to me, unaccountable effect, I pledge myself, if in my power, to remove it, and set your mind at ease."

"Sir, I feel at present rather indisposed."

"I will send this moment for a physician."

"By no means; I have not slept to night, and will endeavour to compose myself. Permit me, Sir, to retire."

Her father led her to her apartment, and returned in extreme perturbation of mind. She did not appear to him to labour under any severe bodily pain; the disease was, evidently, of the mind, and what affliction could lie there that should be concealed from him? the countess had a nephew, a very dissipated young man, who had been fluttering for a week about Brighton, and was to escort his aunt to London. As she had never shewn any great predilection for admiration, even less than female vanity might be allowed, had refused proposals of marriage he himself would have approved, he could hardly suppose her heart could so suddenly feel a penchant for a coxcomb, and one too, engaged to another, and the intended nuptials publickly spoken of.

In short he was half distracted, and knew not what to think. That she was truly unhappy, and what could render a girl in her situation unhappy but love? In this idea he was confirmed; if the object had been worthy of her affections, he knew he should have her confidence; and not having her confidence, his suspicions fell on the nephew of the countess. After much serious reflection on the scene the morning had produced, he summoned his faithful Cudjoe, on whose fidelity he could rely, and put such interrogatories to him as he deemed proper to develope this extraordinary and sudden change in his daughter. Cudjoe had received neither letter or message for his lady, either from the gentleman or any person unusual; but informed his master, he feared Missy had some uneasiness, as Mrs. Fidget

had complained to the servants, that her lady would not admit of her attendance at the toilette as usual, but would only have that filthy, old mulatto nurse, as she termed her; that there appeared great colleaguing between them, and that she had twice yesterday seen her lady in tears. Mr. Truman, still more alarmed, ordered him to send Dido to him immediately, and by no means to drop the smallest hint of the conversation that had passed between them. Dido obeyed the summons; but her countenance so evidently dejected, her frame so agitated, and her answers so evasive and confused, that the parental feelings of Truman were wound up to such a pitch of anxiety, that he scarcely could articulate a coherent syllable, or investigate this extraordinary business as the circumstance demanded. At length, collecting himself, he addressed her thus: "Dido, is my peace of mind dear to you? or if not mine, have you no love for the child you have fostered at your breast, and reared to maturity?"

The good creature falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Oh! massa, dear massa! me give my own milk; my own pickininny dat die, no so dear as massa's pickininny to poor Dido. Kill poor Dido, Dido will kill herself, if massa no forgive his and her pickininny."

"Forgive! what can my daughter have done to need forgiveness? You will drive me to madness! oh! Dido, can you see me thus distracted? can you see your mistress whom you love as a child, and to whom you have extended the care of a mother, whom you have fondled at your breast, I say can you see her unhappy and in tears, and not make known the cause to a father that doats on her? To whom should her griefs be made known but to me? Who else can redress them? I charge you as you love your child, I command you as you value my favour and peace of mind to be immediately explicit in every thing respecting my daughter. Whatever inconsiderate folly she may have been guilty of (for to crimes her pure heart must be a stranger) I solemnly promise to forgive; and I farther promise concealment of the information coming from you, if circumstances will admit; therefore speak without fear, and let me know the worst. Has any gentleman made private visits to my daughter? Has she received any letters? Has she spoken favourably of any particular gentleman, or engaged in any love affair without my consent?"

"Oh! no; missy too good to love man, and no tell massa; but missy be poor, very poor, no have one guinea left, nor poor Dido one guinea left; great lady have all, and poor missy fear to tell massa, fear he no forgive."

"Poor! my daughter poor! not a guinea! I not forgive! 'tis all a riddle! explain. This is some trick to banter me. Money she cannot be without, nor would it be a source of affliction

fliction if she was, as she could without fear apply to me; besides I gave her 200l. on my arrival at Brighton, that her purse might be no restraint on her pleasures, and such a sum cannot be squandered in trifling female expences in the space of three weeks."

"Dat great lady no good. Win all missy's money."

"Win! why has she lost 200l. at cards, and to the Countess Basto? impossible!"

"Dat not all."

"Not all?"

"Massa say forgive missy. Poor Dido will die, massa no forgive."

"Rise, I will not forfeit my word; bad as the matter is, it has taken a load of anguish from my mind; I feared the worst. Acquaint me explicitly with the whole of her losses, and by what means?"

"Great lady invite missy, teach new game; missy lose all. Great lady win all; great lady go away, and write missy for 400l. dat missy owe. Missy no money to pay, and 'fraid to tell massa, and great lady must have money."

"So then a dignified countess, aged in vice, as in years, has not only duped a man of experience, with her artful blandishments of moral rectitude and apparent motherly attachment to his daughter, but has plundered a thoughtless girl of nineteen, of 600l. in three weeks! So much for rank and condition! I blame *you*, Dido, more than her; it was your *duty* to have informed me in the beginning of this iniquitous proceeding; and if you expect to be forgiven yourself, it is on condition of your not informing my daughter that I am acquainted with the event. I shall insist on her immediately going out with me for an airing, under the pretence of removing her indisposition; and in the interim, I command you and Fidget to pack up every thing ready for a return, which probably may be this very day."

The carriage was soon at the door, and Truman would admit of no excuse for his daughter not attending him, insisting that the benefit of air would sooner restore her to health than indulgence, and that her present disease was nothing more than a slight attack on the nervous system, for want of sleep, which air and exercise would remove. He behaved to her as usual during the ride, pointed out the beauties of the surrounding prospect, and appeared to take no farther notice of her sullenness and dejection, than the mere effects of lowness of spirits, arising from indisposition.

On their return they stopped to pay a morning visit; there the merchant left his daughter, saying he was going to look

over the papers at the rooms, and would call again for her in half an hour.

(To be continued.)

Facts relative to the present State of the City of Tripoli; communicated in a Letter from Jonathan Cowdery, Surgeon of the late American Frigate Philadelphia.

MALTA, July 10, 1805.

THANKS to the activity of our navy, and to the efforts of General Eaton and his few but valiant men, who much astonished every Mussulman in Tripoli, and put the whole regency on the point of a revolution, we were liberated on the 3d of June, for 60,000 dollars, as a balance of prisoners.

We left about 200 slaves, who were subjects of the king of Naples, much regretting that they could not claim so happy a country as our's, whose sovereignty had the spirit to deliver its subjects from slavery and misery. I have since visited the once opulent and powerful, but now wretched Syracuse. We arrived here yesterday, and find the people of Malta very civil, polite, and commercial, and the immense fortifications filled with British troops.

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The city of Tripoli stands on the north coast of Africa, in north latitude 32° 54′, and longitude east from London 13° 11′; and is built upon the ruins of the ancient Oca, on a sandy soil. It contains about 40,000 Turks, 5000 Jews, and 1000 Roman Catholics and Greeks. It has eight mosques and one Christian church; some of the mosques are very large.

The baths are places of considerable resort, on account of the injunctions of Mahomet, which direct the keeping the body clean: but I have seen many deviate from this, and rub their bodies with dry sand instead of water. This custom, I am informed, originated from the pilgrims and travellers not being able to find water while travelling over the desert. The Bedouins, a kind of sojourning Arabs, and people from the interior of Africa, often prefer this imperfect method of purification, even when water is at hand

Many of the buildings have the appearance of great antiquity, of which the Turks can give no account. Among them is a Roman palace and a triumphal arch. The castle stands on the water's edge, in the north-easternmost corner of the city. Its ramparts are of different heights; on the land side they are from 40 to 80, and on the water side they are from 35 to 40 feet in height. Twenty-five pieces of brass ordnance, of different

sizes, are mounted on different parts of the castle, to command the city, adjoining country, and harbour. Several of the apartments in the west end of the castle are large, commodious, and airy, ornamented with a variety of fine marble, mosaic and stucco work, and richly furnished in the Turkish style.

Here the bashaw receives and holds audience with foreign ambassadors and consuls; holds his divan, which he often imperiously over-rules; and gives his mandates, which are often enforced by the most cruel torture and death. Here are a great number of smaller apartments; a large open court and spacious gallery, for the accommodation and residence of the bashaw, his wives, children, and attendants: here is also a bomb-proof room, to which the bashaw flies in times of danger. The apartments in the east end of the castle are stables for the bashaw's horses, and prisons where our officers and myself were confined, and where the bashaw confines his hostages and criminals; and in the midst of which is the magazine of gunpowder. These gloomy mansions of horror are in bad repair, full of vermin, and is the filthiest place in all Tripoli. I was taken out of this prison some months before our liberation, and put on a very limited parole, to attend the sick and lame of our crew.

The city, including the castle, is three miles and a half in circumference. The country about Tripoli, nearly to the foot of Mount Atlas (which is two days journey from Tripoli), is all, except the gardens and orchards near the city, a sandy and barren desert. The houses, the ramparts and batteries which surround it, are built of the ruins of the ancient cities of Oea, Leptis, and Sabrata, which are chiefly of marble and a variety of other calcarious stones, and columns of granite, many of which are very large, put together with a cement of lime and sand; but without the regularity of square, plumb-line, or level. The walls are generally white-washed with new-slacked lime, at the commencement of the hamadan or carnival. The tops of the houses are flat, and covered with a composition chiefly of lime, which, when dry, forms a very firm terrace. To ward against the vengeance of their enemies, the whole city is fire-proof.

The fresh water used in Tripoli (except in time of scarcity, or the fear of a siege, when it is brought from the wells in the desert on mules, asses, and Christian slaves) is rain-water caught in winter, the only time of rain in this country: it runs from the terraces, through well constructed earthen tubes into large vaulted reservoirs, which are built of stone and lime, and well coated with lime, and are in the earth below the influence of the sun; where it is preserved from filth, and when drawn for use it is remarkably clear, cool, and pleasant. The wells in and about Tripoli, for about two miles from the sea shore, produce brackish water, which is used for scrubbing and drenching the

the sinks, necessaries, sewers, &c. and for watering the gardens and orchards during the dry season. Sinks lead from the houses through the bottoms of the necessaries into very large common sewers, which lead into the sea, all of which are built of stone and lime. The seamen and marines of the late frigate Philadelphia can attest the vast quantity of lime used in Tripoli; a number of whom were driven, by unfeeling barbarians, to work in it for nineteen months.

The streets not being paved, are naturally very dusty; but every thing of the nature of manure is diligently sought for, gathered into large baskets, slung upon camels, mules, and asses, and carried to the gardens and orchards, to raise the soil from its natural state of barrenness. These little plantations are each enclosed with high walls; they contain from two to six acres each; several of them are cultivated by European gardeners, and are made to produce all the useful roots, plants, and fruits that are natural to the torrid and temperate zones. These enclosures are about 2000 in number, all interspersed with tall date trees, and are laid out in such a manner, that collectively they form a semi-circle, which extends from shore to shore, at a little distance from the city. This ever-green half zone, the sandy desert which it lies upon, and the proud atlas which borders the prospect, when viewed from the top of the castle-gate of the city, or the shipping on the coast, presents a beautiful prospect.

The winds from the north, north-east, and north-west, are generally very salubrious; those from the south, south-west, and south-east, come over the parched continent, and are generally very oppressive: they are called the sirocco, and sometimes rise to that degree of heat and violence, that those who are not able to find shelter in houses, tents, &c. often perish: it sometimes lasts three days, but generally not longer than the first twelve of the twenty-four hours. The want of proper apparatus rendered me unable to learn the different degrees of the temperature of the climate. The nights and mornings are sometimes cool after rain; but I never, while in Tripoli, saw any frost or snow.

The principal market is held every Tuesday, on the sandy beach, about one mile easterly of the city, where a variety of articles are sold, and the butchers kill and sell their meat, chiefly to Christians, Jews, and the higher order of Turks. Very little meat is killed in the city. The common class of people, and the bashaw's troops and seamen, eat but little meat; their diet is chiefly dates, olives, oil of olives, bread, and a variety of vegetables, which they cook in oil. The Turks are, with a few exceptions, strangers to luxury and dissipation.

The prevailing disorders among the natives of Tripoli were, ophthalmia in summer, and catarrh and slight pneumonic affec-

tions in winter. The former I attributed to a remarkably serene and brilliant sky, and the scorching winds from the continent; the latter to the want or neglect of proper clothing. The dead, except those of the bashaw's family, and a high order of marabuts, or priests, are buried out of the city. On the beach, one cable length east of the castle, and half a cable length above high water mark, myself, with our boatswain and twelve of our crew, did last summer (through the desire of Captain Bainbridge, and permission of the bashaw) bury our brave officers and seamen, who were killed in the explosions and in the engagements off Tripoli, and who floated on shore. In digging the graves, our men hove up vast quantities of human bones. The Turks informed me, that they were the bones of the people who died of the plague many years ago; they collected them into baskets, and carried them away as fast as possible, muttering and saying that they should not be polluted with Christian bones.

The calcareous substances of which Tripoli is chiefly built, the well-constructed drains, the killing the meat and burying the dead at a distance from the city, the removing the offal and filth to the gardens for manure, and the temperate manner in which the Turks and Arabs live, have without doubt been the cause of the late remarkable continuance of health in Tripoli.

J. C.

Refutation of erroneous Accounts relative to Hydrophobia.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

AS I am induced to believe that any communication which has for its object the elucidation of a subject, that has excited such general and painful interest in the public mind, as the disease termed hydrophobia (arising from the bite of rabid animals,) must merit and receive that attention which its importance appears to demand; I shall, without further preface, proceed to attempt a refutation of the many exaggerated and erroneous accounts, which have been so industriously circulated through the medium of respectable newspapers, wherein it is stated that persons have been seized with hydrophobia, and smothered or bled to death, as the only means of rescuing them from the dreadful malady.

These accounts are so extremely fabulous and absurd, that I wonder the editors of those papers should for a moment have considered

considered them worthy of attention, and by insertion give them that degree of importance, which they could not otherwise have attained, thereby increasing a state of terror and alarm, which has, in my opinion, been so improperly and unnecessarily created; for I conceive there is not to be found a professional man, who would have the temerity to resort to such sanguinary means of getting rid of his patients, as he must in consequence become amenable to the laws of his country.

Admitting that there may have occurred two or three cases of dogs really rabid, (for I am inclined to believe that part of the late reports may have arisen from something like fact,) still I will maintain that they have by no means increased to that extent, which has been so generally accredited; and further, that not a single instance of hydrophobia has recently taken place in this metropolis; the report has originated in error, and is continued through prejudice. I have been at considerable pains to ascertain this, by making inquiries, not only among my medical friends, but likewise in most of the public institutions in this town; indeed, the very circumstances, under which it is said to have taken place, is a direct negative to the fact, the disease having been never known to commence immediately after the bite, generally not for weeks, or months.

The editors of the papers above alluded to, not satisfied with establishing the existence of the disease, must delude the public yet farther by the propagation of remedies equally fallacious, and for the production of which, the whole vegetable and mineral kingdoms appear to have been exhausted; these remedies, if attended to by persons really infected, are calculated to produce the worst of consequences, as they would be betraying the patient into a false security, whilst the disease was working by slow, but insidious steps, towards his destruction. The only certain remedy for the bite of a rabid animal, is the entire removal of the part bitten, and that as soon as possible after the infliction of the wound; but provided it be within forty-eight hours, the persons may consider themselves secure from this dreadful complaint, as absorption would not have taken place in that time. It is fortunate for the public, that not one dog in twenty, reputed mad, is really so; and it is wholly from this circumstance, that remedies have obtained celebrity as specifics in the cure of this disease; for it is a truth known to every profefsional man, who is acquainted with the animal œconomy, that there is not in the whole materia medica a medicine, however active in its nature, capable of preventing the absorption, or arresting the progress of the poison when absorbed. This is an important fact, and ought most carefully to be attended to. Half drowning in the marine flood, is a means of torture, but not of cure.

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The only case of the disease in question, I have ever witnessed, was in a fisherman's son at Wandsworth, about eighteen years ago. This lad was taken to the sea and immersed, until he was nearly in a state of insensibility, when he was considered secure from danger; but the fallacy of this remedy was fatally evinced in this case, as he afterwards became the subject of the disease, and died in consequence. Had his friends been aware of the important fact above stated, and, instead of trusting to the effect of an uncertain remedy, resorted to the only means of preservation, (the entire removal of the part bitten,) a valuable member might not only have been preserved to society, but a child restored to his afflicted parents, to comfort and protect them in their declining years.

In this, as in every other dangerous disease, where early attention is necessary, in order to avert the fatal consequences that may ensue, empirical remedies are calculated to produce the most extensive mischiefs, as they lull the patient into a deceitful calm, while the storm is gathering to overwhelm him; and it cannot but be a matter of regret to every liberal and thinking mind, that persons are suffered thus to trifle with the purse and health of the community, it being a very common thing to see a list of medical trash advertised by the nostrum-mongers of this town, as so many specifics in the cure of incurable diseases, such as cancer, consumption of the lungs, stone, and gravel, and many others equally out of the reach of medicine. Many of these persons have obtained a licence to practise from some university, where doctorial dignities are retailed with the same facility as the nostrums thus sanctioned, to the equal disgrace of the title, and the university from which it was obtained. Is it reasonable to suppose that a person ignorant of the structure of a machine should be able to repair its injuries when deranged? Certainly not. How then, (I would beg leave to ask) are these persons, (many of whom are entirely ignorant of anatomy, the basis of all medical science, and without a knowledge of which the healing art is calculated to become rather injurious than beneficial to mankind,) to repair the injuries of the human machine, the most complicated structure in nature.

Would the limits of your work permit, I could enlarge very much upon this subject, and possibly at some future period I may resume it; for the present, I shall conclude this article by exhorting the public not to suffer popular prejudices to hurry them into a false belief in dangers, which exist only in imagination, or to acts of cruelty towards a race of animals, whose services and faithful attachment to mankind deserve to be regarded as strong claims upon our humanity. Your's, &c.

M. BARTLETT.

Finsbury Dispensary, February 14, 1807.

REMARKS *on the present* ÆRA.

By Mr. CUMBERLAND.

I Seldom hear the present æra spoken of as I think it ought to be, for sure I am that it has been brilliantly distinguished for a variety of characters great in science, arts, and arms. Should I venture to pronounce upon it as the most luminous in the annals of our country, I am not sure that any man would be able to confute the assertion, but I will throw down no such gauntlet to the champions of past times; yet although instances may not occur of individual pre-eminence so striking as some, which record could supply, still the general diffusion of talents is so very much increased; that it operates as a leveller, which nothing less than first-rate genius can surmount.

I have lived to see Pitt, Nelson, and Cornwallis struck out of the number of the living, yet neither eloquence, valour, or integrity are buried in their ashes.

I remember the time when the malevolent personality of the public prints was truly diabolical; I have lived to see more just and manly principles prevail upon the face of them: this is a revolution to rejoice in; their only fault seems now to be that of tantalizing us with too many good dinners, that we do not partake of; and I must think, if they would make one grand and sweeping *remove* of the whole, their publications would be profited by it. But if it better suits them to record the splendour in which our great men live, let us not be fastidious readers, but let us recollect that every one of us, without exception, is to a certain degree warmed and enlightened by that effulgence, which a luminous and exalted character, like a beacon on an eminence, scatters and disperses all around. If their information does not serve them to report how wittily these great men talk over their tables, let us hear at least how learnedly they eat; for I can give no better reason for the slight respect, in which I hold the science of cookery, except that I am too much of an Englishman to instance any one acquirement, in which the genius of our countrymen must truckle to the talents of the French.

When the historians talk to us of the dark ages, they certainly do not mean to insinuate that the sun was less bright, and the sky not so clear in those days as in certain others, but by a figure call that dark, which science and the human genius do not illuminate; surely, then, if we wish to live in the light, it is every man's interest to cherish his neighbour's taper, convinced that should he blow it out, his own will burn no brighter. I know I have said something to this purpose nearly a hundred times over, but as I am nearly a hundred years old, I will say it

once

once more, and perhaps not for the last time. Let me go to my grave with the consciousness of having succeeded in disposing my contemporaries to foster and encourage one another in the spirit of brotherly love and benevolence, and I have not lived in vain.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE *of* LONGEVITY.

EDWARD LAWSON, of Sunderland, a native of Northumberland, was for many years settled in the parish of Bishop Wearmouth, where he rented successively several small farms, particularly at Hendon Grange, near Ryhope, and in the vicinity of Hylton Ferry. During his residence at the latter place, when he had nearly attained his 80th year, his occupation becoming unprofitable, he gave up his farm, and engaged himself in the service of a gentleman in the same neighbourhood, by whom he was employed in the fields or stable, or in such other work, as he was capable of attending to, being always considered trusty and well-disposed. As he had long prided himself on his dexterity in mowing, when he was almost ninety, he anxiously solicited his employer for the loan of a guinea, to wager against the skill of a much younger competitor.

For the last fifteen years of his life, he resided in Sunderland, in the house of a grand-daughter, by whom, with the assistance of other descendants, he was decently and respectably maintained; still, however, keeping up his connection occasionally with the family of his late master, who had removed into the environs of the town. Being one day, when he was upwards of a hundred years old, requested by his mistress to purchase her some fowls, with an expectation that he would bring them from the market, which was held very near his own residence in Sunderland, he set out on foot for a village seven miles distant, where he had some acquaintance, and having procured some fowls of a superior quality, returned home from his marketing without delay. He was a strong muscular man, about five feet six inches high; he was simple, and of an easy temper, never distressing himself about any thing beyond the occurrence of the moment, a circumstance which probably contributed much to the prolongation of his life.

Having never been afflicted with any species of infirmity or ill health, he retained his bodily vigour to a very late period, and his other faculties, with the exception of his sight, which failed him in his last year, to his death, at the advanced age of 106, in the summer of 1805. He left a son upwards of 70, whom he always called *his lad*, a man of stouter make than his

father, who now bears every appearance of reaching a very advanced age.

Natural History of the Chætodon Rostratus.

THIS fish is common in all the seas of India. The body is roundish, with the snout greatly lengthened into a tubular form. The manner in which it takes its prey is rather exther extraordinary: it feeds chiefly on the smaller kinds of insects that fly near the surface of the water, and when it observes any one of these hovering or gliding near it, darts from its tubular snout a drop of water with an aim so steady and certain, as to bring the insect down with it into its jaws.

If the fly, or other insect, which it singles out for its object, be at rest on some aquatic plant, the fish cautiously approaches within the distance of four, five, or six feet, before it ejects the water; which, even at this distance, is almost certain of bringing the insect down to the surface of the water. When kept in a state of confinement in a large vessel, it affords much entertainment by its dexterity in taking the insects placed at a convenient distance within its reach: and they are preserved in the gardens and houses of many of the great men in India, in large vases, for the amusement of their ladies.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders, vol. 1. page 95, is the narrative of the skirmish of the Roidswire, on the 7th of June, 1575, which terminated in a compleat victory on the part of the Scotch, who took prisoner, among others therein named, Cuthbert Collingwood, the ancestor of Admiral Lord Collingwood, and of whom the following description is given in page 103:

"But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was name sae wordie to put in verse,
As Collingwood, that courteous knight."

Answer, by J. N. of Goonvrea, to P. Ninnis's Question, inserted November 3.

PUT x = the length of the stroke, and y = the diameter of the box; then per question x × y squared × .785.4. the area of an inch = 16964.0400 ÷ 282 for ale measure, which is = 60.1582 gallons.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to Hilarius's Charade, inserted the 29th of December.

HOW many men do for REBELLION swing,
Alas! why should they fight against their king?

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; John Woodman, of North Curry; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Whitnell, of Street; M. P. M. of Marazion; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; G. P. O. of Beer; X. Y. of Sidbury; J. Fairweather, of Batson; and Stephanus, and Elkanah, of Modbury.

Answer, by W. C. of Bristol, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted December 29.

YOUR parts, when join'd, will clearly show
You mean the VIOLINCELLO.

‡‡ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. S. and Henry Stoneman, of Exeter; B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; M. P. Moyle, of Marazion; John Salter, of Broadhembury; John Whitnell, of Street; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; Stephanus, of Modbury; and G. S. of Egg Buckland.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inserted January 5.

YOUR five initials rightly take,
Doubtless the ROACH they'll quickly make.

† Similar accounts have been received from W. T. Dineck, of St. Budeaux; J. S. of Exeter; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; J. Whitnell, of Street; H. Easter, of Poole; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.

A CHARADE, *by J. S. of Exeter.*

MY first, destructive, dismal sound,
O'er Europe spreads its direful sway;
It desolation spreads around,
And oft brings famine and dismay.
My next you easily will find,
Its pleasing to the gay and fair;
These parts, ye gents. aright combin'd,
A well-known poet 'twill declare.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

YE bards, who're fond of mystic lore,
A vowel you must first explore;
And if my second you'd disclose,
Assistance you must right transpose;
And then my last you will detect,
By naming next a small insect:
These parts together rightly frame,
A beast you surely then will name.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The TEAR.

ON beds of down the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept,
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-beam there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd pity brought the tear,
And hung it in her diadem.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The NEGRO's PETITION.

HAPPY Britain! deign to listen,
To the suff'ring sons of woe;
O! regard our joint petition,
Which we, prostrate, offer now.

Black we are, but why should colour,
Subject us to toil and pain;
We are human; we had rather
Die than be the slaves of gain.

Why are we entrapp'd and fetter'd,
Taken from our home by stealth?
Sold to strangers, callous-hearted,
Robb'd of freedom, ease, and health?

Parted from our dearest kindred,
From our native, happy place;
Scourg'd with knotted whips, and wounded;
Outcasts from the human race!

Christian white men, O have mercy!
Slaves afflicted, once befriend;
We are wretched, you are happy,
Let your grace to us extend.

Free us from the planter's power,
From the cruel tyrant's hand;
Haste, O! haste the joyful hour,
Britain, issue thy command:

Bid thy subjects cease for ever,
From the traffic of our race,
(Other nations will endeavour
To wipe off the foul disgrace.)

With

With glad hearts we'll cross the ocean,
To Britannia's lofty throne;
Grateful, we would quickly hasten,
Bow—and lay our fetters down:

Your kind justice, love, and mercy,
Afric's annals should record;
Spreading winds shall waft thy glory,
Whilst by blacks thou art ador'd.

Hark! 'tis a prophetic promise,
Vibrates on the list'ning ear;
Sure some angel bids us cherish,
Pleasing hope, amidst despair.

But say, are we not mistaken?
Was it not warm fancy's cheat?
Did the whisp'ring breeze awaken
Joys, to perish incomplete?

Was it only mere deception?
Were we dreaming in our chains?
Hark again! we dare not question
What the voice of faith proclaims.

Mount, Hermes, mount the rising wind,
On its swiftest pinions flee;
Waft, and spread the joyful sound,
Ethiopia shall be free.

Britannia, lo! disdains to trample,
On the common rights of men,
Nobly rises, bright example!
Truth and justice to maintain.

Hail! blest sound of "abolition,"
Prostrate the great God adore:
To Britain's senate thanks be given,
Afric's sons shall weep no more.

Cruel torture, war, and bloodshed,
All we dread and undergo,
From our shores will soon be banish'd;
Farewell slavery and woe!

Rapt by faith we pause and wonder;
Say, say, are the tidings true?
Shall our bonds be broke asunder?
Britain, we must look to you.

We shall be free—yes, in each nation,
Truth will plead for our relief:
Roll, roll, ye minutes, quickly hasten,
The blest period void of grief.

Dock, Devon,

STANZAS *to a* ZEPHYR.

AH, zephyr! should my mistress e'er,
Be fann'd by thy refreshing breeze,
Tell her a sigh from sorrow's sphere
Gave motion to the waving trees:
Yet never let the fair suppose
My sorrows fann'd thee into wind,
For I would bear more poignant woes
To save one pang to her dear mind!